

A
BRIEF NARRATIVE
OF THE
CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS
OF
Lt. NATHAN'L. SEGAR,
WHO WAS
TAKEN PRISONER BY THE INDIANS
AND
CARRIED TO CANADA,
DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. .

0000000000

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

0000000000

PARIS, (ME.)

PRINTED AT THE OBSERVER OFFICE,
AND PUBLISHED AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE.
1825.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Narrative relates principally to the captivity, by the Indians, of one of the first settlers in the town of Bethel, of respectable character and unquestionable veracity. He is now living, and having drawn up a statement of the particulars of his capture and the incidents of his march, as a prisoner, to Canada, it has been thought that the plain, unvarnished tale he has related would be amusing to many readers, and is worthy of the Press.

The town of Bethel is pleasantly situated, near the source of the Androscoggin river, in the State of Maine. The writer of the Narrative removed from the dense population of Massachusetts, where the luxuries and comforts of life were in abundance, to seek in that township a settlement, when nearly all the country from the Saco to the North was one howling wilderness. The white man had not then made a tract through the forest, and the only human beings who dwelt there, or visited the spot, were those savages who must have considered that they owed a vast debt of vengeance to the claimants of the soil. The case of the author is one which serves strikingly to illustrate the enterprising, hardy, and energetic character of those citizens of Maine, who are usually denominated settlers. They are men, the incidents of whose lives are frequently of the most romantic cast, and whose habits are, from necessity, often so peculiar as to furnish a fine theme for contemplation and description to the novelist, the poet, the historian, and the observer of human nature. We regret that Mr. Segar has not more particularly detailed the experimental knowledge he has of that subject, and, in that simplicity of manner in which he has told his story, described more fully the privations as well as the en-

(4.)

joyments of his solitary situation. It would be out of place here to contrast that station of man, in many portions of the world unknown and astonishing, with the condition of him who hears around him the din of the arts and mingles in the bustle of the busy and social scene. It is enough to suggest the comparison as amusing and instructive.

The publication will derive its principal interest from the account it contains of the Indian captivity. It is not stated to what tribe the savages belonged, who made their incursion into Bethel, at the time referred to. It is, however, presumed that they were either those who lived on the banks of the Androscoggin river or their descendants. Although the country, upon the upper portion of that rapid and noble stream, was admirably adapted to the purposes of the hunter, as well as for settlement on its rich and extensive intervals; yet it does not appear to have been inhabited by any populous tribe. At Rockomego, or, as it is called by the only writer who mentions it, Rockmagug, which is the present town of Canton, a nation once dwelt, but tradition informs us that its warriors all perished by passing in their canoes, in the night, over the falls at Lewiston, to which they were deluded by the mistake or treachery of their guides, who, instead of lighting their signal fires above those falls, kindled them below. At Rumford and Bethel, higher up the river, it is known that some Indians formerly resided; but, after the decisive victories gained by the white men at Norridgewock and Pequawket, the savages, on this side the Penobscot, abandoned the State of Maine. At the period of the Revolutionary War, although they were employed by the British, it was not generally in that cruel and irregular manner in which the ferocious contests between the French and English colonists had been conducted. Mr. Segar, however, states that the Indians were allowed a bounty upon scalps; and the manner in which the prisoners were received indicates that their marauding and murderous expedition was countenanced by the British officers. If such was the fact, it is one more disgraceful and barbarous, in proportion to its magnitude, than any which the history of the war records. To have sent such a party to attack a few remote, innocent, and

(5.)

peaceable men, engaged in the labors of their simple husbandry, would have been a reproach to any people, even in an age of barbarism. That a civilized people should have so conducted, in an enlightened period of the world, is a melancholy proof of the tendency of war to corrupt the humane and honorable sentiments of the heart.

The instances of captivity of inhabitants of this State, by the Indians, and of dreadful sufferings inflicted by their cruelty, have been frequent, but the particulars have but rarely been preserved. Mr. Segar's case is the more memorable as being the last, and marking, as a distinct monument, the termination of that long line of barbarities which commenced at the memorable era of Philip's war. That war, as being strictly an Indian war, was more sanguinary in its character than those which followed; for the French, probably from motives of humanity, soon adopted the practice of buying the prisoners and in that way giving a bounty for saving their lives. Hence resulted the habit with the Indians of taking the captives to Canada, where they were commonly treated with great kindness, but endured incredible hardships in their march, from hunger, fatigue, exposure, and anxiety.

The character of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country is a curiosity in the history of human nature, and is falling among the antiquities of moral remains and monuments. The station of the settler, the pioneer of the forest, is also singular and interesting.—We are, therefore, persuaded that such accounts as follow are valuable, and that they should be procured with diligence and treasured up with care, as materials for the use of the future historian of the State.

L. E.

THE CAPTIVITY
OR
Lt. Nathaniel Segar,

DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

I, NATHANIEL SEGAR, was born at Newton, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I resided here until the year 1774. In the spring of this year, I went to a place called Sudbury Canada, now Bethel, on the great Androscoggin river, Maine. I worked here several months, and then returned back to Newton, the same fall, and remained there during the winter. On the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops made an excursion from Boston to Concord, to destroy some military stores, which had been lodged there by the Americans; and a battle ensued between the British troops and the Americans. After this battle, a regiment from the militia was called for to guard Boston, and to prevent the British troops from making another excursion into the country. I enlisted into this regiment and marched with it to Cambridge.

Soon after I enlisted, as a soldier, into the eight months' service, under the command of Capt. Nathan Fuller of Newton. We marched to Cambridge, and joined Col. Gardner's regiment, in the continental service, and in the Massachusetts line. We remained at Cambridge for some time. On the 17th of June, Col. Gardner's regiment was ordered to march to Bunker Hill, after that bloody battle was commenced; but not having correct information, we were too late to reinforce those on the hill seasonably to afford them much assistance, as our men were retreating, when we had gotten to the hill. However, one of our company, named James

(7.)

Walls, who was near me, was wounded, though not mortally; and Colonel Gardner was mortally wounded. In a few days afterwards, he died of his wounds. We retreated with the rest from the hill, and were met by a party, who were bringing refreshments for those, who had been in the battle, which were very acceptable to us; as the day was very warm, and we were very much fatigued.

After the battle, our regiment was stationed on Prospect hill, under the command of Lieut. Col. Bond. We remained here during the eight months' service.

Before my eight months' service was completed, I entered in the year service, in the same company and regiment as before. Lt. Col. Bond now received a Colonel's commission. In the spring of the year 1776, when the British had evacuated Bunker Hill, I, with a number of other soldiers, went unto the Hill, and found bottles on their tables with the appearance of spirits in them, as though they run away in very great haste.

Soon after the British troops had left Boston, our regiment, with the rest of the continental troops, received orders to march to New-York. We went to Norwich, in Connecticut, by land. Here we were ordered on board of sloops, and we soon arrived at New-York in safety.

In two days after this, 50 men were called for from our regiment, and two from our company. I was one of them, to march up the North river, to erect a fort at Montgomery. We worked upon this fort about three weeks, and got the fort in a good way before we left it.

After this, our regiment was ordered up the North river for Canada. We sailed to Albany, and then marched to Lake George. We then went in batteaux, and rowed in them 45 miles, to another landing. We landed here, and hauled our boats and baggage by land about a mile and an half, to the waters of Lake Champlain, and there we rowed to Ticonderoga. Some days after we arrived

here, we marched to Crownpoint. Soon after we marched to St. Johns, at the outlet of Lake Champlain, in safety. We had not, as it was said, marched 120 miles.

Here we hired a Frenchman to pilot us to Chamblee, about 12 miles.

In a few days we set out again with our baggage in batteaux, down the river St. Lawrence for Quebec. We rowed 40, or 50 miles, to a place, called Sorel. Here the enemy met with us, and we were obliged to retreat back to Chamblee with some loss.—We made our stand here for some time. Here, too, many of the soldiers caught the small pox. We were all of us in danger of taking this dreadful disease. After proper arrangements had been made, general orders were given, that every man might inoculate. We, however, held our stand, till the army had recovered of this terrible distemper. After we recovered of the small pox, the army retreated to St. Johns, and from thence over Lake Champlain.

Our army was very feeble at this time, and much debilitated for want of proper medicines, to carry off the relics of the small pox. Many had died, and but a few were fit for duty. However, as we were, we were ordered on board the boats, and to retreat back to Crownpoint. On our passage we rowed day and night, as the Indians were watching our motion. Some of our men, however, landed and were killed by them. We were therefore in danger of being attacked by them.

The waters of the Lake were, at this season of the year, extremely unwholesome. But after great exertions, we arrived at Crownpoint, greatly worn down by hard labor and sickness.

Soon after we arrived at this place, a number of us were ordered to Mount Independence, to build barracks and many other employments. We were not here long before very many of us were taken sick with the camp disorder, and the fever and ague. These disorders greatly increased, till it

was impossible to carry any more to the hospital. At fort George, it became so sickly, that our regiment was exempted from duty, as there were scarcely well men enough to take care of the sick. But through the mercy of God, I recovered, while hundreds died with the disease. Col. Bond, the commander of our regiment, died here. But after some time, through the goodness of God, the sickness abated; so that in the month of August, all our regiment, who were fit for duty, were ordered to march, under the command of the Lieut. Colonel and Major, to Albany. At this time, however, only two companies were fit for duty. I went with them in hopes to be discharged when we came to Albany. When we were ready to march, we were taken over Lake George, and were marched to Albany, but not discharged, as we hoped. Here we remained some days. After this, we were put under the command of Capt. Hatch, and being taken on board some vessels, we sailed down the North river, and then marched into New-Jersey. We arrived here some time in the month of December. I was not able to do duty. We, however, continued in Morristown, in the Jerseys, until the 3d of Jan. 1777. On this day, I received my discharge; and also a passport that I might pass all guards till I came to Boston. After a most fatiguing journey, under my feeble circumstances, I arrived to my father's house in Newton, and into the bosom of my friends, very much to my own and their great joy and satisfaction.

I received no pay nor provisions to bear my expenses on my long and tedious journey home. I sold what clothing I could possibly spare to help me on the road. I was under the necessity to beg, and to make use of all lawful means to help me along on my journey to my friends; but through the mercy and goodness of God, and the charity of many friends, I accomplished my journey in the latter part of January. After some time, I regained my health and strength, and I was able to do some business.

My journey reminds me of the prodigal son, when he returned to his father's house in poverty and distress ; though I had not spent my time and property in riotous living and with harlots, but in the service of my country. I returned home in poverty and want, yet I found my friends as ready to receive me, and to administer to my necessities, as his were. I had none to reproach me ; but we all rejoiced together in that I returned alive, after this fatiguing and distressing campaign.

When the enemy came to Bennington, in Vermont, there were orders to raise men from the Militia to go there. I enlisted for this service, in a company commanded by Capt. Joseph Fuller, of Newton. We marched to Bennington. When we arrived, we were ordered to Skeensbury, where we continued for some time, as a guard. Col. Brown with a party of men, and Capt. Allen, with his rangers, were ordered to march to Lake George landing. We went and destroyed the enemy's Batteaux, took about 200 Hessian prisoners, and a considerable of plunder, which we brought in with us to our camp.

After this, we were ordered to Stillwater, where we arrived not long before the battle at that place. I was not in the battle. I had turned out in a volunteer company of 50 men. We were ordered to guard a swamp, where it was thought the Indians would come, and harrass our army. But none came to trouble us. We were continued at this place till the battle was over, and then the company was called in. Our company was left here, as we were not wanted to pursue General Burgoyne and his army.

Some time after this, our company was ordered to White plains. We tarried here till our time was out, in June, 1778. We had our discharge, and I again set out for Newton, where I safely arrived and rejoiced with my friends and fellow citizens, upon the capture of General Burgoyne with his whole army. This memorable event took place

Oct 17, 1777. It so occupied the attention of myself and friends, that we almost forgot the labors and toils I had undergone the present season, to accomplish this memorable dispensation of Providence in favor of the American cause. Blessed be God for all his favors and mercies.

After I returned home to my native town, and had recruited myself, I went to work until August, 1778, when men were called for to march to Rhode-Island. I enlisted again in the militia for this service, and soon after, we marched to Rhode-Island ; and the next day after our arrival, we marched toward the enemy, where we remained some time.

While we were stationed here, we had the most severe storm of wind and rain, that ever I had experienced in my life, at this season of the year. Many men died through fatigue, and drinking cold water, and the severity of this cold storm. Many horses likewise died in the storm. There were not half barracks enough to receive the troops, and shelter them from the storm. We were unable to secure our cartridges from the wet, and they spoiled. However, we soon drew more, and were prepared for action, should we be called to it.

Soon after, we marched nearer to Newport.— The British troops were at this time in possession of it. Our army made a stand here for several months, and made great preparations for battle, and for winter quarters : but, on a sudden, we were ordered to retreat from the Island. The enemy being informed of our design, closely pursued us ; but we did not experience much injury in the retreat from the Island. After some days, we left the Island, and retreated about six or seven miles, to a place called Falt River. Here we kept guard till the first of January, 1779. At this time, I was again discharged from the public service of my beloved country ; and returned once more to Newton, and into the bosom of my friends with great joy, after a fatiguing campaign. Here I tarried till the spring of this year.

(12.)

I was one year and eight months, that is, in the years 1775 and 1776, in the continental service; six months in the militia in the year 1777, when Gen. Burgoyne and his army were made prisoners by General Gates; and I was five months in the militia, at Rhode-Island, in the year 1778. I was also in the militia two months, at Boston, but do not recollect the time when. The whole time I was in the public service of my country, was two years and nine months.

In the spring of the year 1779, I concluded to set out again for Sudbury Canada [Bethel,] where I had been the year before the American Revolutionary War commenced. I went in company with my friend, Mr. Jonathan Bartlet. We carried kettles with us to make sugar. The remainder of the season, after we had made several hundred weight of sugar, we spent in clearing land, with a view to make us farms, and to make a permanent settlement in this place. In the fall of this year, we returned to our friends at Newton, where we tarried through the winter.

In the spring of the year 1780, I set out again with my friend Bartlet, and also Mr. Thaddeus Bartlet and a boy by the name of Aaron Barton, for Bethel. When we had arrived here, we employed ourselves in making sugar, and then in clearing and working upon our land. We had very good crops of corn, and other things. In the fall, we concluded to spend the winter in this place, which we did. The Indians here appeared very friendly towards us. They employed themselves in hunting; and we could barter with them, for corn and sugar, and for which we received wild meat, tallow, and fur; and hence we lived quietly and comfortably with them. We labored to live in good friendship. However, we had many difficulties to encounter, as is always the case in settling new countries. We had no roads; we went by marked trees, and hauled in our necessities on hand-sleighs. We had no neighbors settled near

(13.)

us; and there being but very few families in this place, it was for our interest and safety to cultivate peace and a good understanding with the savages of the wilderness.

There had been a Mill built in the upper part of the town, by Capt. Joseph Twitchell, one of the original proprietors of the town, which was about ten miles from where we had made our pitch; it was now out of order, and could not be repaired till another season. But to remedy this evil, we went to work and made us a little Hand-Mill to grind our corn. We succeeded very well with our mill; and ground our corn in it till the next spring, when the former mill was repaired. We all enjoyed good health during the winter.

There were only five families, at this time, that were settled in this part of the town, and not very near together, viz. Mr. Samuel Ingalls, Mr. Jesse Dustin, Mr. John York, Mr. Amos Powers, and our family. In the upper part of the town, five families had settled, viz. Capt. Eleazer Twitchell, Benjamin Russell, Esq. Abraham Russell, Lieut. Jonathan Clark, and Mr. James Swan. The nearest of them was six miles, and some of them were ten or eleven miles distance from us; therefore, we could afford but little assistance to each other, should the Indians molest us in any part of the town.

In the spring of the year 1781, the Mill was repaired, and we concluded to reside here, and to call it our home. We, therefore, went to work in sugaring, and in clearing and tilling our land for farms and a crop, in high spirits, as the land was good, being much intervale on the river. The Indians were often in among us, and appeared very friendly. We sold them corn, and other things, for meat, fur, &c. In the first of this season, they appeared very friendly towards us, which we labored to cultivate; and they were pleased in trading with us. Afterwards they grew morose and surly; but still we were not apprehensive of-

any mischief from them, as we had heretofore lived quietly with them. But at length they came in very much emboldened, and painted, and more in a hostile manner than heretofore. We inquired of them the reason of their painting themselves, and of their being so merry; they told us, that it was a high day with them. They pleased themselves in talking and laughing with each other in their own language, which we did not understand. We did not know nor even surmise any harm from them. Their conduct at this time, and the manner in which they appeared, were very different from what they were before; but still we kept about our work, not being much afraid of them, as we knew of no reason why we should be afraid of them, or why they should, in the least, injure us, as we had always lived in harmony with them. There were none of these Indians in the party when I was taken prisoner.

When they came in earnest, I was at the upper part of the town at work. On the 3d day of August, 1781, there came six Indians from Canada; I knew one of them, named Tombegan, for he had been often at my house. They were all painted, and armed with guns, tomahawks and scalping knives. I, and Lieut. Jonathan Clark, and Capt. Eleazer Twitchell, were at a little distance from a piece of woods, when five Indians came running out of the woods, and told us that we were their prisoners, and must go with them to Canada.—Lieut. Clark's house was near by. They took us to the house, and bound us.

After they had bound us, they went to plundering the house, and told us to sit down, and sit still, or they would kill us. While they were plundering the house, they found several gallons of rum in the cellar, a part of which they put into their bottles and carried away with them. They found sixteen dollars in money, some clothing, provision and many other things, which they found

in the house, and converted them to their own use. While they were plundering the house, Mrs. Clark had embraced her opportunity, and hid her husband's silver watch in the ashes, so that she saved it from the Indians. They attempted to take her gold necklace from her neck, but the string broke, and the beads were scattered about the floor.—When they were gone, she found nearly all of them. They also attempted to take her silver buckles from her shoes; she asked them what business they had with her feet, and they finally left them. My fears were that they would kill her—she was very bold towards them, and shewed no fear.

While these things were doing, an Indian came out of the woods with Mr. Benjamin Clark, another prisoner, whom he had taken. In the mean time Capt. Twitchell, by watching his opportunity, had absconded, and had so effectually secreted himself in the woods among the logs, that they could not find him: and night coming on, he remained here during the night. In the morning, he returned home in safety to his family, and rejoiced with them for his deliverance from the power of the savages of the wilderness. Mrs. Clark had secreted herself within a few rods of the Captain, where she lay all night, wholly unknown to each other, until the morning, when both returned home.

When the Indians had taken what they pleased, they packed up their plunder, and told Mrs. Clark to tarry in the house, and she would not be hurt, but if she went abroad, she would be killed, for there were hundreds of Indians in the woods.

When their matters were adjusted, the Indians loaded the prisoners and themselves with heavy packs, filled with plunder, and, our hands being bound, we were ordered to march. With heavy hearts, as well as packs, we obeyed their commands. It was now dark, so that we could not travel more than one or two miles before we were,

under the necessity of encamping for the night; and a dismal night it was to us. I had often heard of people being taken by the Indians, and I now found myself in this dreadful situation, not knowing what evils would befall us, and whether we should ever see our friends again, whom we were now leaving in anxiety, uncertainty and distress.

However, we travelled and found a deserted camp, or hut, where Mr. Peter Austin had lived, while he was felling trees, and making a farm; but happily for him, he was now gone. Here we tarried during this distressing night. The Indians entered the hut, and made search for plunder. They found some sugar, and two guns—one they broke, and the other they took away with them.—It was now so dark that we could go no farther.—The Indians ordered the prisoners to lie down, and they laid down around them. Here we spent a gloomy night, which none can realize except those who have been in a like condition. After a sleepless, distressing night, not knowing what a day might bring forth, and being in the hands of cruel and barbarous savages, we arose early in the morning, even before it was light; and lest we should escape from them, or rise upon them, they tied the bridle with which I was bound very straight, as well as the others' bandages, so that our hands were much benumbed. We now needed all the fortitude of Philosophers, and resignation of Christians, to support us in our melancholy situation.

Before it was light, the Indians could not easily find the baggage. One of them missed his tomahawk, and accused me of having taken it, and would have given me a heavy, perhaps a deadly, blow, had not another Indian stepped between us and prevented it. When the light was more clear, he found it.

Early in the morning, we were ordered to travel up the river. We came to a place called Peabo-

dy's Patent, now Gilead. We went to a house owned by Mr. James Pettengill. He was at a little distance from his house, when we came to it.—He was making towards the house; but seeing the Indians at the house, he stopped. The Indians discovered him, and called to him to come to them; and he did. They then searched the house, and they found some sugar, and in a tub some cream. They put the sugar into the tub of cream, and they fell to eating like hogs, but they gave us none to eat. Mrs. Pettengill and a number of children were in the house, but they received no abuse from them.

After a short stay here, the Indians told Mr. Pettengill, that he must go with them to Canada.—He told them he had no shoes. They searched the house, but they found none. They then told him, that he might tarry at home, but charged him not to leave the house.

We then went on, I should suppose, a mile or more, and we were ordered to stop. Two of the Indians went back, and soon returned, and Mr. Pettengill with them; we travelled some distance together. On a sudden, Mr. Pettengill was missing. I thought they had sent him back; but they killed him about half a mile from his house. Some days after, his wife discovered his dead body in the bushes, where they had left it. Mr. Joseph Greely Swan, with several others from Bethel, went and buried him. His body was in a high state of putrefaction, when buried.

After this melancholy event, though we did not know it at the time when it was done, we went on to a brook in Shelburn, N. H. Here we found a number of children at play. When they saw the Indians, they were very much terrified. One of the Indians asked them, if there were men at the next house; they said there were ten. They asked them, if they had guns. They said they had. There were not ten men in the place; but

the children, being so much terrified at the sight of the Indians, did not know what they said to them.

The Indians were so much terrified at the answers, which the children had given them, two of them threw off their packs in great haste, and put them on us, one on me and the other on Mr. Benjamin Clark. We were now loaded with two packs apiece for us to carry on our journey, with our arms tied fast.

In this situation, the Indians ordered us into the Androscoggin river, and to march through it, and to get over as well as we could, with four of the Indians; and there were three of us. We obeyed their orders, and with great exertions, we arrived, through the goodness of God, safe to the other shore; but I know not how; for people tell me, "that it was never forded before or since that time, at that place." As the prisoners could not swim, and the water being deep, it is the more difficult for me to account how we did so safely cross this river. Those two Indians, who loaded us with their packs, after we were over, crossed the river themselves in great haste, and came to us.—Then we all travelled on, till we came to a small house, owned by Mr. Hope Austin. His wife and children were in the house; but Mr. Austin was not at home, at this time. The Indians searched the house for plunder. They found a little money and some other things, in the house, which they took. They told Mrs. Austin to tarry in the house, and promised that she should not be hurt.

After this, we were ordered to resume our march. We travelled some miles, and were ordered to stop in some woods. Tomhegin took his gun and went from us. We soon heard the report of a gun.—Tomhegin soon came back to us with a colored man with him, named Plato. He began to inquire of Plato, how many men there were in a house near by; he said there were two, besides the one, whom Tomhegin had shot. Little did I think, when I

heard the report of the gun, that a man was killed. It was Mr. Peter Poor who was killed. Mr. Poor and Plato were going out to work after dinner.—Tomhegin had secreted himself among fell trees, where they were passing to their work. As soon as they came near him, he raised himself, and called them to come to him. "Poor," as Plato said, turned to run, and Tomhegin instantly shot him, and he died immediately." The Indians told me, now they had Plato, they would let one of the prisoners go back; accordingly, one of the Indians said to Lieut. Clark, "you may go back, provided you will keep the road." With a joyful heart he embraced the opportunity to gain his desired liberty, and to return into the bosom of his family and friends.—But he did not keep the road as he was ordered, but crossed the river, and turned into the woods, and went through them to his family, and thus undoubtedly saved his life. For an Indian or two, who were left behind to bring up the rear, would have met him in the road, and would undoubtedly have killed him on his retreat home, as a deserter.

After this, we went with the Indians to the house, where Capt. Rindge, the owner of the house, with his wife and children were. Capt. Rindge was amazingly alarmed at the approach of the Indians. He told the Indians, that he was "on the king's side." Notwithstanding, they plundered his house, and got a great deal of value. He was so terrified, that he brought many things to them, which belonged to his wife. We all fared well here, and had victuals enough. The Indians went out and scalped Mr. Poor. Hope Austin was here; he had deserted the house, and fled into the woods before the Indians entered the house; and so escaped any personal injury from them. The Indians told Capt. Rindge that he might tarry at home.—They made a prisoner of Elijah Ingalls. He was a boy; but Capt. Rindge so far prevailed with the Indians, in his behalf, that they dismissed him.

The Indians were now preparing to proceed on their journey for Canada. We all set out, as we were ordered, though with aching hearts and trembling limbs, and with heavy packs on our shoulders, leaving our friends behind us, fearing we should never see their faces again on this side of a boundless eternity, not knowing what would befall us on the way, as we were liable to perish by hunger, or by savage cruelty. Though God has seen fit to order it otherwise for us.

Under the most gloomy apprehensions, we entered the wild, howling wilderness, with cruel and blood thirsty savages, for Canada. When we had travelled some miles in the wilderness, we came to a large mountain. Here we tarried for the night.—The next morning, as soon as it was light, we set out again; and by great exertions, we ascended the mountain to its summit; where we had a fine prospect around us, of this wilderness, and mountainous country. But making no tarry here, we were hurried on till we came to the height of land between Androscoggin river and the Umbagog lake, from whose source this famous river takes its rise. Here we had a short respite, being allowed to rest and refresh ourselves.

Here an Indian pulled off some spruce bark, untied my hands, and told me to write, that if ever we were overtaken by Americans, they, the Indians, would kill the prisoners. This bark he stuck on a tree, and then bound my hands again.

After we had travelled on several miles in the wilderness, towards Umbagog lake, the Indians ordered the prisoners to sit down. Upon this, they took three scalps from their packs; but we did not know whose they were, nor where they obtained them. We knew that Mr. Poor's was one, but whose the others were, we could not conjecture at this time; we feared that they were obtained from our friends, whom we had left behind. However, the Indians informed us, that they overlook a man

in the woods, when they were on the way to Beth-el. They supposed him to be a deserter from Canada, and had killed and scalped him; and afterwards we were informed that they had killed and scalped Mr. Pettengill, which make the three scalps.

A bounty had been promised the Indians by the British officers, of eight dollars for a scalp, or for a prisoner. This is a most savage and abominable act, even for a savage, but much more so for a civilized people, as the savages would be as likely to scalp on one side as the other, whether friend or foe; and, therefore, must be the most savage act ever practised by man.

The Indians gave me a journal, which they said they had taken from the man whom they overtook in the woods; but I could not read it. I believe it was written in the French or Dutch language.

At St. Francois, I was asked where the Indians had obtained so much money, as they had. I told them I did not know of more than twenty dollars, which they had plundered while we were with them. I was told the Indians had a large sum in gold.—I believe they got it of the man whom they overtook and killed in the woods.

During our tarry at this place, we were permitted to sit down and rest ourselves, but they would not permit us to sit together. This was a very rocky place. Here they took the hair of their scalps in their teeth, and began to shake their heads, to cohoop, to jump from rock to rock, and conducted and acted in such a hideous and awful manner, as almost to make our hair stand upright upon our heads, and to fill us with fear and trembling. I had heard of an Indian powow; but what tongue can tell, or imagination can describe the looks and actions of these savages on such occasions? Such scenes are beyond description.—Their actions are inconceivable. *It would seem that bedlam had broken loose, and that hell was in an uproar.*

After the horrors of this scene were over, we were ordered to pursue our journey. We travelled on till we arrived at Umbagog lake, which lies partly in New-Hampshire, and partly in Maine.— We arrived here the fifth day after we were taken prisoners. The Indians here had three canoes, which were made of spruce bark. They made them, as they said, when they came to make prisoners of us. In these canoes we all passed safely over the lake. They now considered themselves safe. They had a little flour, and some moose scraps, with half the hair on; this they gave us to eat. We could eat but little, as hungry as we were. It was not fit for the dogs to eat. This was the last food we had to eat for several days, excepting some sugar, which the Indians had taken by plundering the inhabitants. Here they divided their plunder among themselves, and they had a very merry time of it indeed. Here, likewise, they took off their lousy shirts, and employed themselves in killing their lice with their teeth, as dogs kill their fleas.

After we had rested here some hours, we set out on our journey for Canada in their canoes. They having got rid of their fears, unbound us by day and bound us by night, till we had got to our journey's end.

They conveyed us from Umbagog lake in a small river, which, I believe to be the Magalloway. They went some way on this river. Here they shot a moose; and boiled and roasted some of the meat, and fell to eating like dogs; but we poor prisoners could eat but little, having neither bread nor salt; yet we were hungry. We tarried here some time. They cut some meat from the body of the moose, and partly dried it in the smoke, and put it into our packs. Our packs being heavy already, and we much worn down with hunger and fatigue, could not carry much of the moose meat with us. The Indians expected to kill more on the way, but

they did not. Three of the Indians made themselves moccasins of the hide of the moose.

We again set out on our journey for Canada, by land. We had high and rough mountains to travel over, and dismal swamps to pass through, day after day. We were weary and faint. The Indians could get nothing for themselves, or for us to eat. We had now very serious thoughts, lest we should perish in the wilderness. Our strength and spirits failing and sinking so fast in our deplorable situation, that we feared the Indians would kill us, if we gave out; but we mustered all the courage and strength possible, lest we should be destroyed by them.

One night, where we stopped, the Indians took their moccasins, which they had made of the hide of the moose, which they had killed before, from their feet. They were much worn at the bottom and tainted, by reason of the hot weather. They threw them away, and we prisoners picked them up, roasted and eat them. This poor repast strengthened us a little. The Indians had a calf moose skin with them. They burnt off the hair from it, they boiled it, and gave us a part thereof to eat. Through the goodness and mercy of God, we had strength to go on our journey, in hopes we should soon get to the end of it.

We, after some time, struck upon the waters of the river St. Francois. It was at first but a small brook. On the second day, we found it grew much larger. This night we came to the main branch of this river, and encamped for the night. The next morning an Indian told me, that, after travelling a little way, we should come to three canoes, which they took up the river in the spring, when the water was high; and that they had some corn, and spears to catch fish. We were very glad to hear this welcome news. We took courage and travelled on till night. When we came to the canoes, we were weary and tired, and almost worn out

with hunger and toil. They boiled the corn, and gave us some of it to eat. We were now somewhat refreshed and encouraged, hoping we should soon get through the wilderness, and our toils and anxiety would come to an end; besides, we had water and canoes to help us along our tedious journey.

In the morning, we set out with our canoes down the St. Francois river. The Indians went on shore and peeled some birch bark from the trees to make torches to catch fish with in the night. They caught a large fish, called Sturgeon, with their spears. This rejoiced us very much. They cooked it, and gave us some to eat. Then we pursued our course down the river. We had many carrying places, over which we carried our canoes. At length, we arrived at a man's house. He had a number of cows. The Indians milked them, and *we had good bread and milk to eat*; which was a very luscious dish and highly pleasing to us; and we eat as much as we wanted. This house was a mile and a half from the village.

After stopping an hour or two at this place, the Indians ordered us on board our canoes, and we sailed down the river, with all possible speed, in hopes that our fears, danger and toil would soon come to an end, though not our captivity. As we approached the village, the Indians cohooped six times, three times for the three prisoners, they had taken, and three times for the three scalps which they had obtained in the excursions which they had made. They were soon answered from the village. They cohooped very often, during this mile and a half.

We soon came to the village. It was dark, but the Indians made it as light as day with their torches. There were seventy Indian warriors at this place. When we came near the shore, an Indian clinched me by the arm, and violently pulled me to him, swaggering over me, as though he would have killed me. I was surrounded by the Indians

on every side, with terrible countenances, and of a strange language, which I did not understand. At this time there were great rejoicings among them over the prisoners, scalps and plunder, which they had taken in this nefarious enterprise. I was afraid they would abuse the prisoners. But while serious thoughts filled my mind, and awful apprehensions troubled me, respecting my situation, a man crowded in among the Indians, took me by the arm, and bid me go with him, and the Indians let me go, and I went with him. When we had gotten from them, he told me the Indians did not abuse the prisoners, provided they were taken from them, as soon as they brought them in.

This man took me to the guard-house, and delivered me to the guard. He inquired of me, how many prisoners there were of us. I told him there were three, viz: a white and a colored man, besides myself. He then went in search of the other two. He found Plato, surrounded by the Indians, who were throwing firebrands at him. Plato was crying like a child through fear. He was taken from the Indians and conveyed to the guard-house, where I was. Then they went in search of Mr. Benjamin Clark. They found him safe among the Indians. He was taken from them, and was brought to us in the guard-house. The guard seemed really to pity us.

The next morning ten or twelve Indians came to the guard-house, and requested Mr. Clark; the guard told him he might go with them. The Indians took Mr. Clark, cut off his hair, painted him, and dressed him in an Indian dress, like an Indian chief. It seems they intended to make him a chief among them. He was now at liberty among them.

It was fourteen days after we were taken prisoners before we arrived in Canada. And we then felt and said within ourselves: these have been very gloomy and dangerous days to us, and still

remain so; for we know not how soon our captivity will come to an end, nor what troubles and dangers still await us, during our confinement from our friends and among our enemies. But we must patiently wait till our deliverance comes; trusting in the mercy of that God, who has hitherto preserved and carried us through so many dangers and hardships as we have experienced already in our captivity, and that he will still support and comfort us in all our afflictions, and prepare us for deliverance from savage cruelty, and the hands of our enemies, and restore us in his good time, in safety, into the bosom of our friends, to rejoice in his mercy.

We were here under guard two days. After this, we were given up by the British guard to the Indians, with an interpreter, to carry us in their canoes to Montreal. About ten Indians took the charge of us. On account of contrary head winds, we were many days in going up the river St. Lawrence. The prisoners were sometimes ordered to march by land, with a number of Indians to guard them. When we were in the canoes, we were not permitted to wear our shoes. The canoes, as soon as we were on the land, left the shore, even before I could pick up my shoes. When the Indians came up again, I immediately went for my shoes, but I could not find them. I asked for them, but an Indian told me, they had sold them for pipes. I found some fault with them for their conduct; but they told me, the King would find me shoes. These were the last things they could take from me. They had ordered me to give them my shirt before, and they gave me an old frock for it, without giving me any boot. I could not help myself, for I was a prisoner, and in their power.

We at length arrived at Montreal, and were conducted to the commander. There were three of us. They examined us and asked us many questions; where we were taken prisoners; how long

we had been in the American service, and many other like questions.

The Indians requested the commander, that they might keep Mr. Clark, but he would not grant their request. The Indians then took off all the ornaments from him, and every rag of clothes, except a very short shirt. They now received their bounty money for the prisoners and scalps. They took Plato away with them, and sold him to a Frenchman in Canada. Afterwards he was sent back to his old master, Capt. Rindge. The rest of us were given up to the British. We were ordered to go with a man, who conducted us to the jail, and delivered us to the guard, where were ten prisoners; and some of them confined in irons. Our situation was now truly distressing. We had been so worn down with hunger and a fatiguing journey through the wilderness, and distressing fears in our minds, that we were almost ready to despond. Our allowance was not half sufficient for us. In this place were multitudes of rats, which would devour the whole allowance, that was granted us, and was of itself too small for us; but we took every measure to secure it from the rats. The lice, which we caught of the Indians, were a great annoyance to our bodies. We were, therefore, afflicted on every side.

We were kept in this miserable situation forty days. After this, we were taken away and sent up the river St. Lawrence, with forty or fifty other prisoners, collected from various other places, forty-five miles, to an island, where were a guard-house, a block-house and barracks, and also a guard of thirty men. In this tour, we were escorted by guards, till we arrived to the Island. This movement was made in October, the same year we were taken.

There were other prisoners brought here, to the amount of one hundred and eighty. We were guarded by men who deserted from the States.

They were cruel, and abused many of the prisoners ; and cheated them of part of their allowance. We continued here till the next spring, 1782.

During the time of our imprisonment here, our sufferings were great and very distressing. We had to endure a hard winter, which was tedious to us, under our other sufferings. We were cooped up in a dismal place. However, we made the best of our circumstances, that we were able as had as they were, and under tyrannical oppressors ; we were breathing for our deliverance, and longing to return home to our beloved country and friends, and to our wonted occupations again. None can know our distresses but those who have felt the same. Hunger, fatigue, confinement, and anxiety, we experienced during our captivity ; together with cruel savages, and unfeeling soldiers to guard us. Those, who have experienced the same, know how to pity, and can sympathize with us, and we with them.

However, in the summer of the year 1782, we heard that Lord Cornwallis, and his whole army, were taken by Gen. Washington ; and there would be a general exchange of prisoners ; which information greatly rejoiced our hearts, and gave us a lively hope that our deliverance from bondage would speedily come, which we had so ardently longed for.

Not long after these glorious tidings were announced, and proper arrangements were made, we were taken from this Island, and were conveyed down the river St. Lawrence to Quebec, and ordered on board a ship ; but we were detained here twenty days in anxious suspense. Here was another ship provided to take in other prisoners. The vessel we were put on board of, was to sail for Boston, and the other was to sail for Philadelphia. We sailed about the tenth of November, 1782. We were in high spirits, and had a pleasant passage,

and landed at Castle William, three miles below Boston. The same night we landed at Dorchester point. Mr. Benjamin Clark, my fellow prisoner and sufferer, and myself, set out immediately for Newton, and arrived there before we slept, to the great astonishment and satisfaction of our friends.

Our friends had not heard from us after we were taken, till the night we returned home. They could hardly believe their own eyes, when they saw us. We approached to them, as though we had risen from the dead. Surely this was a joyful season to us and them. We all now rejoiced in the gladness of our hearts, for God's wonderful kindness towards us in our long and distressing captivity, and in delivering us therefrom under circumstances of comfort, and in safety.

And what still added to our joy, we soon heard that preliminaries of peace, had been signed at Paris by plenipotentiaries for that purpose. Soon after, this treaty was ratified by the belligerent powers, in which they acknowledged the United States free and independent.

I tarried at Newton some time, to refresh myself, after I returned from captivity ; and soon after the peace, I returned to Bethel, and have made me a small farm, where I have resided ever since, and have reared up a large family. I have undergone all the hardships, and self denials, which are incident to those who are engaged in settling new countries ; but have lived to see the town rise from a howling wilderness into fruitful fields, and in flourishing circumstances, and peace and order promoted therein, and blessings laid up therein, for the rising generation yet unborn.

But age, and the infirmities thereof, are crawling upon me, and my labor is almost finished, and I soon must go whence I shall not return, which is only the common lot of all mankind. I hope, when I am called for, to go where sorrow is unknown, and

where all tears shall be wiped away from mine eyes, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and where all the weary are at rest.

I spent two years and nine months in the public service of my country, and about sixteen months in a most disagreeable captivity by the Indians.— This was done in the prime of life, when it was my duty, as well as all young men, to make provisions for future life, and for a family, should they live to enjoy them. My aim was, when I first went to Bethel, in 1774, to make me a farm there; but my attention was arrested by the revolutionary war, and my long captivity in Canada. I was thus defeated for several years, in my designs of making provision for future life: and lost the prime of my youthful strength and activity. The hardships I underwent while young greatly debilitated my constitution, and I have been obliged to labor under these disadvantages, which have, in a great measure, brought on premature old age, and the infirmities thereof. However, I have this consolation, that I have labored for the benefit of my beloved country and posterity. I hope the results of my toils and sufferings will be acknowledged by my country, and prove a lasting blessing to it, and be handed down unsullied to the latest posterity.

I have yet to labor hard to support myself and family, under the infirmities of age and a debilitated constitution; when, had it not been, that I was interrupted in my designs in the early part of my life, by the cause of my country, and the hardships I underwent at that period, I might have been exonerated, at this period of my life, from being necessitated to labor, in making provision for myself and family; and the evening of my life, might have been spent with much more ease and happiness, than it is possible for it now to be. The comforts of the world and religion are as much as I may ex-

pect in this life, and are all I ask for, and are what I earnestly desire, and hope to obtain; and then I shall be satisfied.

It may not be amiss just to mention here, that when the Indians were on their way from Canada to Bethel, in their nefarious design upon the inhabitants, and when I and Mr. Benjamin Clark were made prisoners, they passed through Newry, and entered the house of Capt. Benjamin Barker.— Miss Mary Russell and Miss Betsy Mason were at Capt. Barker's on a visit. The Indians entered the house and plundered it of many articles; but not satisfied in plundering the house, they must also plunder these young ladies, and took several articles from them, which they carried away with them. This was a most cruel and barbarous act in them; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty!

After Mr. Clark and I were released from our captivity, we both returned to Bethel. We found the young ladies here, and we married them. I married Miss Mary Russell, and Mr. Clark married Miss Betsy Mason. Both of us have had, and reared up, large families by them. Mr. Clark died several years ago. The rest of us are yet living, and through the mercy of God, are in comfortable health; and for which we have abundant reason to rejoice in his mercy towards us.

I would further remark, that for the services, which I performed in the revolutionary war, I received the then currency, which afforded but little compensation for these toils in the defence of my country, owing to the rapid depreciation of the money in which I was paid; that my time was almost lost to myself. Indeed, the country was not able at that time to properly satisfy the soldiers for their labors in that service. And furthermore, I have had no compensation for the time I was in captivity. The loss of time, and the hardships I

then underwent, were felt as in the service of my country; and were so considered, as I was *exchanged* as a soldier, taken in actual service, or in time of battle; and, therefore, I always thought, and still think, that I, in *justice*, ought to have received some compensation from my country; but as I have received nothing, it still adds to my calamity, and which has been sensibly felt through life.

THE
DESTRUCTION
AT
PEJYPSCOT FALLS.

oooooooooooo

[The following account of the destruction of the Indians at Pejypscot or Lewiston Falls is taken from the *National Ægis*. Since the publication of this account in the *Ægis*, the Publisher has been informed by the writer of the foregoing Narrative, that the two Indians sent forward to light the fires above the Falls, (as stated in the subjoined account,) fell in with two hunters, who supplied them plentifully with rum, thereby learning the object of the Indians, and also making them intoxicated, so that they could not light the fires as directed; the hunters consequently lit the fires below the Falls, which caused the destruction.]

The Androscoggin river issues from a chain of Lakes in the North Western part of the State of Maine, bearing the same relation to its stream, as do the inland seas of our Canadian boundary, to the majestic stream of the St. Lawrence. Seeking a passage to the ocean, it pours out in a direction towards the West.—Then it turns South and pursues a direct course till it meets a mountain barrier, when it again changes its channel, flowing Eastward for the distance of nearly fifty miles, between ranges of hills which close down upon its path, leaving only space enough for the stream and the interval. At length, it finds an outlet among the mountains, and after traversing a long extent of country and scattering fertility along its banks, joins its

tributary waters to those of the sea. But, this circuitous course is impeded by many obstructions. Near the present village of Lewiston, the waters are precipitated over a mass of rocks, stretched across the channel. They do not rush in one broad and unbroken sheet over the edge, but tumbling from ledge to ledge, are dashed into foam, and rainbows are painted on the spray rising from their commotion. Here was a scene of remarkable desolation to the savages, and this the spot of the entire destruction of a once flourishing nation.

The Rockemego tribe, (if we do not misremember the name) were formerly settled many miles above these Falls. The site of their settlement was chosen with admirable taste and judgment. The wide plain receded from the margin of the River, and spread into a rich and beautiful interval. The fertility of the alluvial soil, exhausted by the luxuriant growth of the Maize, was restored and revived by the deposits of the annual floods. The stream glided tranquilly by, with a clear and gentle current, and supplied with food those whose wigwams were on its borders. The rude implements of agriculture, the vessels of culinary art, and the bones of the former tenants and owners of the land are frequently disinterred in the places of their ancient habitation. In this situation the tribe was established. Remote from the scene of that warfare, waged by their countrymen against the White intruders in the Eastern country, they had shared little in the adventures of the contest, and had escaped from its devastating effects. Their strength was reserved for an enterprise destined to be fatal in its termination.

The irritation that prevailed among the red men, and prompted them taking up the war hatchet, had extended to the warriors of this retired clan.—About the year 1688, an expedition was projected against the village of Brunswick, then in its infan-

cy. Apprised of its feeble and almost defenceless state, the savages justly expected that it would fall an easy prey to their overpowering force. To the keen desire of revenge, was added the hope of a rich plunder, and so firm was their confidence, that they resolved to abandon their own settlement, while they paid a bloody visit to the white planters. After celebrating according to olden custom, the rites to propitiate the malignant deities they worshipped, they embarked themselves and their families in their canoes. Their furniture, and their simple riches were deposited in places of safety and concealment, and the men, the women and the children were floated down the stream. The shadows of evening fell upon the River before they arrived at the Falls. They sent two of their company forward to kindle fires upon the shore just above the rocks, that they might rest during the night, to recruit their strength for the morning work of destruction. From mistake, or treachery, or for some untold reason, the fires were lighted below, and the blaze gleamed up among the Pines at the foot of the descent.—The fleet came on, and deceived by the signal, the warriors were carried into the swift current, where no human power could save, before the error was discovered. A resistless tide bore them onward; and they had scarce time to raise the death song, before the fearless warriors and timid females, the young and the old, the strong and the weak, were hurled over the cataract.—The pride and the population of a whole tribe perished from existence, and the cries of agony were lost in the uproar of the waters. The lifeless corse of the destroyers were borne on the waves of their native river, by that town, they had devoted to spoil and to the flames, and its inhabitants had abundant cause of gratitude to that overruling Providence which had interposed to preserve them from murder or from a hopeless captivity.

Of all who went forth with the certainty of success, save the two who occasioned the disaster, none escaped to tell the tale of ruin.

The reverend Historians of the period have not given any account of this event in their annals. It rests upon the authority of traditions, preserved in the neighborhood of its occurrence ; and if any fact can be established by the multitude of those who testify for its truth, or confirmed by corroborating evidence, this may be received as certain.

On the hills near the Falls, there once were large and populous settlements. These were surprised and exterminated by the English soldiers. On the field of slaughter the bones of the slain are often ploughed up, and military implements of curious workmanship, rusted and broken, are frequently discovered. The marks of the fires of their camps are still visible, and shells, the remains of former seats, are strewed around.